

U a Bitch (feat. Pimp C)

Bun B

Pourin' mo'
My family and uh stackin' up paper this paper high as the uhh, you know?
Owe it to all... you know, I know it already
That's what it's really about but uh all this old shit here
If I wasn't rappin' I'd still be doin' this old shit here, you know?
This ain't nothin' but materialistic, you know?
Knowledge is power
I'm about makin' some money man, you know?
Let's put this shit together, get some real paper
I been a real street nigga way longer than I remember
Grindin' on the block from January to December
I been in this game damn near since it began with nothin' but reputation and skills with my
hands
Know a whole 'lotta fools started when I did
Known for bein' fuck boys, pullin' some sly shit
Shouldda got laid out but somehow I slid through
Extensions and bitches, nigga, I do not kid you
Hit the highway with that work and got jammed up
Either tell on somebody or get you ten, slammed up
He ain't got the heart for it, so guess what he do?
He start recordin' for that part, mane, and tell on his crew
He was the boss of the operation, livin' it large
Now he tellin' on the workers like they ass was in charge
Soon as the pressure's applied, you immediately switch
Just do us all a favor and stop bein' a bitch
You a bitch!
As far as the police was concerned
I had some problems with some laws, now
You know? I run into wrecks with laws
That didn't like what I stood for
Or didn't like rap music
Or just didn't like black folks in general
Man, the law was lookin' after me this whole time
Every time there was one that was dangerous that could get me
I had five or six that was on my side that kept that...
Kept that motherfucker in check, man I know a'lotta people locked up, sittin' in cells
Either for shit that they did or shit they didn't do well
But for every cat that's locked up, definitely guilty
There's another brother innocent in prison, you feel me? See this country we live in is really all
about the bottom line
And when they see these young black men, they see dollar signs
So prisons go from bein' run by the state

To a private industry, nigga, tell me, can you relate?
See when education in the schools isn't geared for the testin'
They can't keep up the fundin' 'cause kids can't keep up the lesson
They get frustrated with the process and head to the streets
And find some alternative ways to get 'em somethin' to eat
You got draconian laws in place as mandated by the state
Probation terms you can't meet so you know you gon' violate
Now you makin' license plates, scratchin' the ten year itch
Your prison an industrial complex, man, stop bein' a bitch
You a bitch! You see a lotta people in the penitentiary make statements like
"I ain't never comin' back here," you know?
And I made statements when I was on the street
That I was never goin'
So, I don't say never anymore
You don't know what, you don't know what's in store
What I will say is this
I'mma stay positive out here, I'mma do the right thing
You know, I'm not gonna, uh, make no moves
To put myself in the crosshairs
Where these people can just cross me out and be like This niggas told me he sold dope, I said
what do that mean?
He said I sell you some white or I could sell you some green
Gotta pocket full of pills and a cup of that lean
Man, I'm just keepin' it trill, I slap the hat off his bean
You niggas kill me runnin' 'round, talkin' 'bout you sell drugs
Moved a couple quarter pounds now you swear you the plug?
Oh, my bad, you got them birds that fly away every month
You keep them keys? Nigga please, why you tryna' front? See you can have all the coca leaves
that they grow in Columbia
Then serve up all the snorters and the smokers and numb 'em up
With stacks up to the ceilin', big doggin' like you Marmaduke
Still won't see a tenth of the paper that big Pharma do
They don't care about the cure, they just wanna sell a treatment
Keep you alive while keepin' you high, now that's some street shit
Usin' people's pain for profit, gettin' rich
Hey yo, pharmaceutical companies, stop bein' a bitch
'Cause you a bitch! But, but at the same time, I ain't gon' let nobody hurt me
I'm not gon' let nobody hurt my family
And I will kill you if you come around my kids with that hood shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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